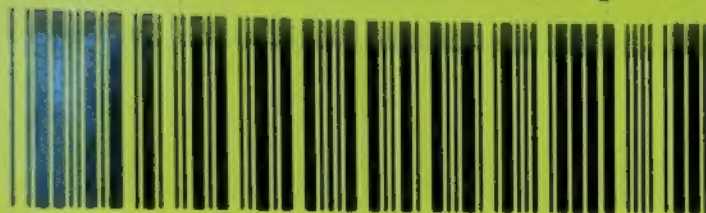


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THE
POLITICAL HARMONIST;
OR
SONGS,
AND
POETICAL EFFUSIONS,
SACRED TO THE
CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

While TYRANTS reign in guilty state,
And strive base slavery to prolong;
My heart with Freedom's hope elate,
Shall join in LIBERTY's sweet song!

THE FIFTH EDITION.

DUBLIN,

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER, PRINTER AND BOOK-
SELLER, SKINNER-ROW, NEAR CASTLE-STREET.

M.DCC.LX.VII.

Price, Eight-pence.

Whole love of TRUTH expos'd him to a share—
Of base oppression from the sons of strife,
In that JUST CAUSE for which he'd yield his life!
Convinc'd—tho' nobler efforts oft'times fail,
REASON and TRUTH must in the end prevail!

Where Despots' cannons rattle;
For equal Rights, and equal Laws!
Allur'd that on the wings of love,
To Heav'n above
Thy tender orisons or flown,
The fervent pray'r
Thou put'st up there,
Shall call some guardian Angel down,
To watch me in the battle!

C

O Liberty,

City Office, 9th May 1798

Commanded by my Lords

the Admiralty to

Copy of a Letter

received from Sir

Governor of the

at Portsmouth,

Le Chevalier de la

Master at the

desire you will be

come before the

and to express to

Lordships desire that

be permitted to

Employment.

most humble servant

Evan Neenan

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

129

(iii)

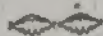
DEDICATION.

TO THE

SUPREME MAJESTY

OF THE

PEOPLE.



FIR'D with the AMOR PATRIÆ's strain divine,
 This work I dedicate to FREEDOM's shrine!
 To ev'ry breast which philanthropic glows,
 And feels for all MANKIND as friends—not foes!
 Whose blest exertions in a glorious Cause,
 Must give us EQUAL RIGHTS, and EQUAL LAWS!
 Root from this land Corruption's noxious tree,
 And plant the infant-shrub—fair LIBERTY!
 O! may it flourish in our gen'rous soil,
 And ev'ry BRITON for its nurture toil.
 This is a persecuted Patriot's pray'r,
 Whose love of TRUTH expos'd him to a share—
 Of base oppression from the sons of strife,
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 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

(v)

PREFACE.

AS there can be no intermediate point between Liberty and Slavery inasmuch that when Men yield up the possession of the one, they must sink into the degradation of the other; so in like manner may we appreciate between Harmony and Discord. The concord of sweet sounds vibrating upon the enchanted ear, animate pleasing sensations, whilst dissonant ones grating upon the senses produce disagreeable effects.

In those countries where Liberty predominates, Harmony is cherished with the utmost freedom, and their popular airs are chaunted with a degree of enthusiasm by people of every description: The Americans obtained their Liberty by the heart-cheering sound of *yankee doodle*, and the French by the more exhilarating ones of *ca ira* and the *Marjéillois Hymn*; such charming and inspiring Harmony is sufficient in itself to inspire men with a love of Liberty, particularly, when under such musical influence they have achieved the salvation of their country.

B 2

In

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Edw. Keble

In those places where Slavery predominates, Discord is sure to prevail, Harmony is contracted, and no national effusions are encouraged, except songs and airs composed by *syccophants*, to compliment with a fulsome adulation, (amounting to blasphemy,) the oppressors of the country. The Opera, which is considered as the most polished receptacle of amusement, is no more than a place where every species of frivolity, if not immorality is depicted,—to please those who stile themselves the *higher orders* of society, the very course of nature must be perverted, and to gratify their vitiated taste, men are early in life compelled to undergo certain degrading operations.

The lower orders likewise are debased in their situation, proportionately from the examples exhibited to them by the higher; amongst certain societies stiled “free and easy,” their members meet together to indulge inebriety and immorality, to sing songs calculated only to encourage riot, and debauchery, and to suppress those generous sentiments which should animate men with a love of Liberty, and stimulate them to the performance of moral duties. That which is most congenial

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MANKIND could I once behold FREE
Those joys with my breath will I freely
That NEW AGES may taste them

congenial to the happiness and interest of every individual to embrace, and kind ought to be cherished, and every song, and effusion, calculated to enervate the mind, or debase the understanding, particularly discouraged.

As, therefore, good morals are the best and safest cement of society, in the interest of every individual to embrace whatever form they may be introduced in debate or harmony, and to receive in a manner suited to the capacity that common interest—political information only can secure to us the possession of the duty of one man to another, intimate knowledge, to deal out to him for the benefit of his fellow-citizen, to withhold which, would be as boarding of gold. It is evident to promote harmony we must destroy a triumph over the latter will be a utmost importance to society. Besides something so consolatory in men under oppression unburthening the each other in poetical effusions, with simple and pleasing airs; that

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PREFACE.

VII

congenial to the happiness and interest of mankind ought to be cherished, and every sentiment, song, and effusion, calculated to enslave the mind, or debase the understanding, should be particularly discouraged.

As, therefore, good morals are considered the best and safest cement of society, it becomes the interest of every individual to embrace them, in whatever form they may be introduced, whether in debate or harmony, and to receive in the best manner suited to the capacity that which is the common interest—political information; it is this only can secure to us the possession of Liberty, and the duty of one man to another is to disseminate knowledge, to deal out that gift given him for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and to withhold which, would be as useless as the hoarding of gold. It is evident then, that to promote harmony we must destroy discord, and a triumph over the latter will be a benefit of the utmost importance to society. Besides, there is something so consolatory in men labouring under oppression unburthening their minds to each other in poetical effusions, accompanied

amusement of an hour's relaxation only, would certainly be found highly rational, and the time might be further improved by a judicious selection.

The Author of the following Work with civic respect submits it to his fellow-citizens, not as a performance either elegant or elaborate, but what he conceives to be of higher import—plain and simple—calculated he hopes to tear off the veil of *superstition*; and to expose the views of Party, whether *Whig* or *Tory*, he does not mean by this to make any distinction between those whose dissipation of the public money, differ only in their manner of squandering it; but to remark, that the best remedy for public plunder would be to remove the *harvers* and *fishes*. Mankind then would cease to be insulted with the *interested* harangues of the *ins* and the *outs*.

If, therefore, this small tribute to Freedom should meet the approbation of his fellow-citizens, and by thus blending HARMONY with REASON, and sentiment with TRUTH, prove of general utility in disseminating the principles of LIBERTY, his object will be attained, and his wishes amply gratified.

INTRO-

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That now I see men suffer, whom I should see free.

(xi)

INTRODUCTORY ODE,
TO THE

A-T-N-Y G-N-L.

GOOD Mister *Ex Officio*—spare your rage,
If one of those should catch your legal eye;
Cease to inflict the *Bastille*—*Pillory*!
Your AUTHOR in this persecuting age—
Has felt the gloomy horrors, of the first;
But shou'd he with the latter e'er be curst!
What then?—you'll raise him to a POST more high!
Rather then TRUTH shou'd want investigation,
He'll suffer (if you please) fell transportation!

Well Sir J--N S--TT!
Have you a punishment that I've forgot,
Lurking within your law-creative brain?
When you your dire anathemas denounce,
Keep it for gentle A--H--ST to pronounce—
He can the MERCIES of your court explain!
K--NY--N, whose sapient reverence for the bible,
Declares that REASON should be deem'd a libel!
Because 'twas exercis'd by THOMAS PAINE!!!

You'll find nought here subversive of the laws,
Tho' much I own is said of FREEDOM's cause!
Of vile abuses which you know exist;
Of plots, of treasons, ministerial crimes,
Of TRAITORS still existing in these times,
Perhaps you'll rank me foremost in the list!

There's little said that may be deem'd *disloyal*,
And less that touches upon matters *royal*!

Hoping

Where Despots' cannons rattle;
For equal Rights, and equal Laws!
Assur'd that on the wings of love,
To Heav'n above
Thy tender orisons or Rown,
The fervent pray'r
Thou put'st up there,
Shall call some guardian Angel down,
To watch me in the battle!

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O! Liberty,

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Assur'd that on the wings of
To Heav'n above
Thy tender orisons or flown,
The fervent pray'r
Thou put'st up there,
Shall call some guardian Angel
To watch me in the battle!

C

The relation of NATURE shall be my
 Its will shall be my guide
 Comp. the true and false shall be
 Some the true and false shall be
 We are far from the relation of
 The last evening rays wear the
 Mankind shall be the
 The joy of my breath with I freely
 That NEW AGE shall be the

(21)

Hoping to slip thro' P and G--w--e's nets;
 But you Sir J--N, may see with other eyes,
 Thro' Reeves's optics, who keeps troops of Spies—
 Ready to swear to any thing but facts!

Say, learned sir! suppose you d--n the work!
 Pillory the Author! stop his circulation;
 Has he done half so much as E--m--d B--ke,
 Whose lib'rous pen hath more alarm'd the Nation!
 His wise reflections upon GALLIA's charge,
 On the sublime and beautiful--belle Ange!
 His praise of chivalry, of d'ad quixotic!
 Plead that Book of Bones--are right of man,
 Raising a SYSTEM on a virtuous pla
 Its Principles quite PURE and PATRIOTIC!

Methinks, I hear you haughtily exclaim—
 What! does the scribbling slave abuse my name?
 Soon shall he feel the weight of legal fury:
 Those sacred names he's dar'd to violate,
 Each count shall fully prove, shal plainly state,
 To suit the feelings of a loyal jury!

Grave sir, should this prove fair anticipation,
 If crush'd by you—my hopes are on the NATION.



THE

POLITICAL HARMONIST

TO LIBERTY.

WHAT greater bliss can fall from Heav'n
 Than LIBERTY to bless the Slave
 Without its hopes Mankind are driv'n,
 Beyond life's joys to seek the grave;
 Dragging oppression's iron chain,
 Depriv'd of thy all-cheering rays,
 Poor AFRIC's sable sons complain,
 That Tyranny usurps thy sway:
 Alas! O God! and man test thy power
 That Slaves and Tyrants may not live!

When D'spots' cannons rattle,
 For equal rights, and equal laws
 All that of the wings of
 To Heaven above
 Thy tears on earth, or Rowen,
 I nee'test pray.
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call some guard--an Ange
 To watch me in the battle!
 C

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just price, its unerring pursue,
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since false pretence fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGRICULTURE shall share the same.



THE

POLITICAL HARMONIST, &c.

TO LIBERTY.

WHAT greater bliss can fall from Heav'n
 Than LIBERTY to bless the Slave,
 Without its hopes Mankind are driv'n,
 Beyond life's joys to seek the grave;
 Dragging oppression's iron chain,
 Depriv'd of thy all-cheering ray,
 Poor AFRIC's sable sons complain.
 That Tyranny usurps thy sway:
 Arise! O God! and manifest thy pow'r,
 That Slaves and Tyrants may not live an hour.

SONG

Where Despots' cannons rattle;
 For equal Rights, and equal Laws!
 Assur'd that on the wings of love,
 To Heav'n above
 Thy tender orisons are flown,
 The fervent pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call some guardian Angel down,
 To watch me in the battle!

C

O Liberty,

My Office & Home

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

... to my friend

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

THE TIMES.

Addressed to JOHN BULL, and his distressed Family,
Ara—Ballinamona.

YE friends to old England, ye rude *swinish* throng,
Attend for a moment I'll sing ye a song;
I'll shew ye what happiness daily can spring,
From the genius of Pitt, and the wisdom of K —
Ballinamona-oro, will ye open your eyes wide and see.

This *Jackall* of State to please his old master,
Has brought on your country both shame and disaster;
Your blood and your treasure you can't call your own,
For he spends them to guard his own place—not the throne.
Ballinamona-oro, the *divine rights* of Monarchs for me.

Your generous Allies with what valour they've fought,
Since your hard-earn'd money their services bought;
Sardinia to guard his dominions you pay,
And *Prussia* for drawing his forces away.
Ballinamona-oro, a *Subsidy gratis* for me.

There's *Brunswick* and *Cobourg* with *Clairfait* likewise,
To Paris would march—and fill France with surprise;
But the road was so *hot* these great heroes relate,
That their *valour* to save they were forc'd to—*retreat*.
Ballinamona-oro, a Nation determin'd for me.

With his head full of *plans* to commence the attack,
And with terror and fury approach'd whisker'd *Mack*;
His *courage* 'twas thought would fill France with dismay,
Though he led but one *skirmish* and then—*run away*.
Ballinamona-oro, *deep plans* and great *tactics* for me.
Then

THE RELIGION of NATURE
Its just precepts unerring
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON
Since hisle prejudice had us at
Where late Freedom
Ere Life's evening rays wea
MANKIND could I once be
These joys with my breath w
That new

HARMONY

Then a good pious BISHOP the
A gallant young Duke who wa
Led his Guards on to battle for
But he lost all his cannon—h
Ballinamona-oro, a *fi*

D disappointed and harrafs'd you'
And leave in retreat his brave
The bold *sans culottes* have acco
For Ho and receives them as
Ballinamona-oro, *fi*

The mighty *Stadtholder* was forc
To eat our roast beef and to d
To a prince so obliging you can
As long as you're sure of your b
Ballinamona-oro, a *snugg lod*

Oh! Pitt thou apostate, whom
Will you ne'er put an end to th
'Till France with the fleets of
Makes the *tri-colour'd* flag triu
Ballinamona-oro, the

Now the BISHOPS in concert h
When you all in obedience mu
And if ye don't join in defence
You'll be traitors declar'd—and
Ballinamona-oro, the humi

STANZA

On the rising Prospe

BEHOLD fair TRUTH
And guiding bright Creatio
With REASON in pure Vi
Commence a glorious golde

Where D spots' cannons r
For equal Rights, and equal
Assur'd that on the wi
To Heav'n above
Thy tender onfours or
The fervent pray'r
Thou put'st up there,
Shall call some guards
To watch me in the battle

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
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 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

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 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign
 That new dawn —

134

HARMONIST.

15

Then a good *pious* BISHOP the pride of your land,
 A gallant young Duke who was first in command,
 Led his Guards on to battle for glory and fame;
 But he lost all his *cannon*—his troops and—good name!
 Ballinamona-oro, a *scamper* from *Dunkirk* for me.

Disappointed and harrass'd you've seen him return,
 And leave in retreat his *brave* followers to mourn;
 The bold *fans culottes* have accomplish'd their ends,
 For Holland receives them as brothers and friends.
 Ballinamona-oro, *fraternal* embraces for me.

The mighty *Startholder* was forc'd to run here,
 To eat our roast beef and to drink your strong beer;
 To a prince so *obliging* you cannot grudge these,
 As long as you're *furs* of your *bread* and your *cheese*!
 Ballinamona-oro, a *snugg* lodging at *Kew* firs, for me.

Oh! Pitt thou *apostate*, whom all men abhor,
 Will you ne'er put an end to this ruinous war,
 'Till France with the fleets of both Holland and Spain,
 Makes the *tri-colour'd* flag triumph over the main!
 Ballinamona-oro, the downfall of *despots* for me.

Now the BISHOPS in concert have fix'd on a day,
 When you all in obedience must *fast* well and *pray*,
 And if ye don't join in defence of your K—g.
 You'll be traitors declar'd—and they'll vote you a *string*.
 Ballinamona-oro, the humbugg of *priestcraft* for me.

STANZAS

On the rising Prosperity of FRANCE.

BEHOLD fair TRUTH in splendour rise
 And gilding bright Creation's skies,
 With REASON in pure Virtue's train,
 Commence a glorious golden reign.

Behold

Where Despots' cannons rattle;
 For equal Rights, and equal Laws!
 Allur'd that on the wings of love,
 To Heav'n above
 Thy tender orisons or flown,
 The fervent pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call some guardian Angel down,
 To watch me in the battle!

C

O Liberty,

the first of the year

and in my words

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Le Chevalier de la

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Behold base **FALSHOOD** views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on **GALLIA's** shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *priestcraft's* broke,
And Man disdains its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before **LIBERTY**!

Behold their arms support the Cause,
For equal Rights and equal Laws;
Each **HERO** shouts with his last breath,
O! give me Liberty—or death!

Behold each haughty Despot's brow
To conqu'ring Freedom abject bow,
Surrounding slavery views the scene,
And pants to taste such joys serene!

Ye worthless part of mankind, say—
(Who Tyrants serve, the scenes survey;)
Can *art* and *sophistry* prevail,
When **TRUTH** and **JUSTICE** hold the scale!

SONG.

THE PATRIOTS' ADIEU;

A PARODY.

Air, *Diddin's*.

ADIEU! adieu, my only life,
My Country calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a Patriot's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee;
What tho' by duty I am call'd,
Where Tyrants' cannons rattle,

Where

HARMONY
The religion of nature shall
In its place be put in
Concord, peace and reason
Since the primitive fathers at the
Where but I freedom revere
I feel even now we wear the
MANKIND could I once believe
Thy joys with my breath will I
That new ages may taste the

HARMONY

Should a prince amongst us for
We'd look to his **MERIT**—
He must first be propos'd by a
Whom before all his honours
He perhaps may think hate, that
And plead prior right from ill,
But his virtues are seen, in a **blat**
Before we admit him in freedom

Should base spies or informers by cl

HARMONY

Where valour's self might stand
Still on the wings of thy
To Heav'n above

Thy tender orisons are flow

The fervent pray'r

Thou put'st up there,

Shall call a guardian Angel

To watch me in the battle!

My safety thy fair Truth shall be

As sword and buckler serving

My life shall be more dear to me

Because of thy preserving;

Let perils come, let horrors there

Let Tyrants' cannons rattle,

I'll dauntless brave each conflict

Assur'd that on the wing

To Heav'n above

Thy tender orisons or flow

The fervent pray'r

Thou put'st up there,

Shall call a guardian Angel

To watch me in the battle!

Enough—with that benignant face

Some kindred God inspir'd the

Who saw thy bosom void of guile

Who wonder'd and admir'd

I go in Freedom's righteous ca

Where I spots' cannons rattle

For equal Rights and equal La

Assur'd that on the wing

To Heav'n above

Thy tender orisons or flow

The fervent pray'r

Thou put'st up there,

Shall call some guardian An

To watch me in the battle!

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That *NEW AGES* may taste them like me.

Should a *prince* amongst us for admission attend,
 We'd look to his MERIT—his *title* despise;
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debar'd,
 And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a *black* or *white* bean,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *spies* or *informers* by chance enter here,

Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
 Still on the wings of thy dear love,
 To Heav'n above
 Thy tender orisons are flown,
 The fervent pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian Angel down,
 To watch me in the battle!

My safety thy fair Truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving;
 Let perils come, let horrors threat,
 Let Tyrants' cannons rattle,
 I'll dauntless brave each conflict's heat,
 Assur'd that on the wings of love,
 To Heav'n above

Thy tender orisons or flown,
 The fervent pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian Angel down,
 To watch me in the battle!

Enough—with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred God inspir'd thee;
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee!
 I go in Freedom's righteous cause,
 Where Despots' cannons rattle;
 For equal Rights, and equal Laws!
 Assur'd that on the wings of love,
 To Heav'n above

Thy tender orisons or flown,
 The fervent pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call some guardian Angel down,
 To watch me in the battle!

and to express to
 our desires desire that
 is permitted to
 Employment.

at humble demand
 Evan Keegan

HARMONIST

THE BEGINS OF NATURE shall be my delight,
 His will I follow, and his voice I shall obey;
 When I see him in the light,
 When I see him in the view,
 When I see him in the grove, &c.
 Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decay,
 Alas! could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them all me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend;
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white death,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should the prince informers by chance enter here,

HARMONIST.

In tavern, or in public-house,
 You're always sure to find me;
 I sit so mute to hear all chat,
 That talks but seldom mind me;
 If you on Politics should talk,
 Or civic songs should sing,
 I'll artfully provoke your words,
 And swear you've d—d the K—g;
 My work being done,
 Away I'll run,
 To note the whole affair;
 For let the Cause be right or wrong,
 This is the burthen of my song,
 For money I can swear.
 The Privy Council quite elate,
 When first I told my story,
 Arrested MEN who nobly stood
 For Britain's Rights and glory;
 The Habeas Corpus did suspend,
 That they should not be tried,
 'Till I should swear to such base acts,
 As might not be denied;
 But HONEST JURIES marr'd my plans,
 And did them FREE declare,
 So that the Cause be right or wrong,
 This is the burthen of my song,
 For money I will swear.
 My villainy I'll still pursue,
 With vigilant attention;
 For P—d declares I'll succeed,
 He'll grant a place or pension.
 I'll swear black's white and white is black!
 To get such great reward;
 No time I'll spare,
 Men to ensnare,
 Nor justice e'er regard;
 C 2

THE POLITICAL

Behold vast FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
 Then turn to Freedom's shore,
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
 Behold the spell of pride's crafty tricks,
 And turn to Freedom's shore,
 Where Liberty shall reign no more.
 Behold the arms support the Cause,

THE POLITICAL

O Liberty, sweet maid, descend!
 A Patriot seeks thy aid;
 Do thou the Rights of MAN defend
 'Gainst all who would thee bind.
 In thy all Cause the HERO fights,
 The Tyrant's hand is bound;
 For equal Laws, and equal Rights,
 And Liberty shall be found.
 We'll then stand,
 No more shall we be known,
 But gentle peace,
 The G—d shall come down,
 And stop the cannons rattle!

SONG.

THE SPY

AIR: Poll and partner Jn.

I AM d'ye see a Mouchard, Sirs,
 At the Old Bail in the Hall,
 None can convenient me in my boast,
 More than ingenious I,
 And even my employer P—d,
 Will be found in the Hall.
 And free from spight,
 It is my only care,
 That let the Cause be right or wrong,
 This is the burthen of my song—
 For money I can swear.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
CONSCIENCE TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

16

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's life,
Then fairs in a hor' dark state,
While Freedom lies on GALLIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of prie craft's brakes,
And Man drags its galling yoke;
Babe's Suffering, Beggary,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause,

18

THE POLITICAL

O Liberty, sweet maid, defend!
A Patriot seeks thy glory,
Do thou the RIGHT to MAN defend
'Gainst party—Hypocrite or Tory,
In thy oft Cause the HERO fights,
Thou' I stand to sue in battle,
For equal Laws, and equal Rights,
And should far Freedom bless this Isle,
We'd firm stand,
No tyrant, shall then be known;
But get the peace,
That says necessity,
The God is shall here if come down
And stop the cannons rattle!

SONG.

THE SPY

AIR. *Poll and po*

I AM d'ye for a *Mou Gard, Sirs,*
A little and 2 as any,
At the *Old Bull's* and at *H.F.'s* hall,
Swore tall: for many a gallant,
None an convenient in my booth,
More than a game is I,
Not even my employer *Pitt*,
Who has bid me to a *Spy*:
With confidence light,
And free from up light,
It is my only care,
That let the Cause be right or
That is the burden of my song—
For money I can swear.

147

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

137

HARMONIST.

23

SONG.

CHURCH HIPOCRISY.

AIR. *Bow wow wow*

FRIENDS and neighbours silence and I'll tell ye a story,
Finishing more than what's acted week's before ye,
I'll serve it to show in every rank and station,
The RELIGION that's observ'd thro'out this pious nation.
new new new &c.

The Farmer when he goes to church he trav'ls very early,
Thro' it's ten to one his business is to find the price of barley
The squire cut his eyes throws round some cronies to a tavern,
That they may take a bumper mix'd as soon as church is over.
new new new &c.

The married-lady walks to church when pious she's in-
cand, hirs,
Her footman next, in pompous state, with pray'r-book
behind her,
Each pray'r or psalm she sweetly lipps with snip'ring or
blathing,
And lest sh'd soil her nice silk gown she kneels upon a
cushion.
new new new &c.

The little Miss comes forward next, and trips it quite
dett, hirs,
She is so nicely tick'd out her beauties to afford, firs,
Her eyes she glances keen around in quest of my love,
And seems inclin'd to please the Brains much more than
God A———
new new new &c.

The *rev'rend* lady's quickly known in pace as very slow, firs,
Dress'd out in false weeds proclaim the rickety & wretched,
Except unless in *style* her mind she is a little better,
Thro' it's ten to one she's *ky* again before a horn be over.
new new new, &c.

C 3

The.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

147

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

137

HARMONIST.

23

SONG.

CHURCH HIPOCRISY.

AIR. Bow wew wew

FRIENDS and neighbours silence and I'll tell ye a story,
 'Tis nothing more than what's acted weekly before ye;
 I'll serve in it to shew in ev'ry rank and station,
 The RELIGION that's observ'd thro'out this pious nation.
 mew mew mew &c.

The Farmer when he goes to church he travels very early,
 That 'tis ten to one his business is to find the price of barley
 The sower sits his eyes throws round some crony to discover,
 That they may take a bumper mix'd as soon as church is over.
 mew mew mew &c.

The married-lady walks to church when pious she's inclin'd, fir,
 Her footman neat, in pompous state, with pray'r-book
 behind her,
 Each pray'r or psalm she sweetly lipps with simp'ring or
 blushing,
 And lest she'd soil her nice silk gown she kneels upon a
 cushion.
 mew mew mew &c.

The little Miss comes forward next, and trips it quite
 alert, fir,
 She is so nicely trick'd out her beauties to assert, fir,
 Her eyes she glances keen around in quest of a flirt,
 And seems inclin'd to please the beaux much more than
 G-d A—
 mew mew mew, &c.

The widow-lady's quickly known in pious very slow, fir,
 Drest out in black and white with mackerel bones, fir,
 I kept unseen in side-looke her mind she'll not allow,
 Tho' it's ten to one she's out again before a month be over.
 mew mew mew, &c.
 The.

C 3

16

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
 Then sink into her dark abyss,
 While I'redom lives on GALLIA's shore,
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
 Behold the spell of prie craft's broke,
 And Men dabble in gilded yoke,
 While S perdition, Beggary,
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their names forgotten in confusion

26

THE POLITICAL

But should I fail, and friends turn tail,
 I'm sure to go to pot;
 I then trust see my cause is wrong,
 And lose the lustre of my song,
 Perhaps get hang'd like WATT!

SONNET.

To Citizen JOSEPH GERRALD.

AIR. Dear fir, this brown jug.

LET vain poet-laureats attune their proud lays,
 To the muses of State pour their court-pomp'd praise,
 Be mine now to cherish fair Truth's simple joys,
 In proving that manners ennoble the Man,
 Then with these whole just actions the country endear'd,
 Let the name of great GERRALD be ever rever'd.

His exertions for Freedom (the cause of his woes),
 Shew'd talents and virtues allow'd by his foes;
 The Tyrants of SCOTIA's injustice and sway,
 Sent merit, and genius, and greatness away,
 To a part of new Holland's imtemperate clime,
 Where philanthropy's Son may be lost in his prime.

For England (departing)—the PATRIOT proud,
 And yielding his seat in her Cause to the crowd,
 Like a lily bent down by the tempest of pow'r,
 Amongst jels and transports to pass each long hour,
 What home's suppers distinguish the great,
 When VIRTUE and LIBERTY weep o'er their fate!

SONG.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.
 Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

'Tis but in vain,
 Your PRIVILEGES bought and sold,
 'Tis but in vain,
 For Britons to complain!
 The next campaign,
 May thousands send into their graves,
 Then they're free from pain;
 But those who remain,
 Must kiss the rod of slavery,
 And hugg her chain!

Britons! maintain!
 Those rights which HAMPDEN bled for, first
 Britons, maintain,
 Revenge your millions slain!
 Remember THOMAS PAINE!
 His arguments point out the way
 Your Freedom to regain;
 But should Tyrants still remain,
 The Halter or the Guillotine,
 Must stop their reign.

SONG.

THE BLESSINGS OF WAR.

Air. Old fir *funen* the king.

GOOD People attend to my story,
 'Tis a matter that's true I must say;
 And those who delight much in glory,
 To be shot at for nine-pence a-day!

shot at, &c.

There's

THE POLITICAL.

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
 Then sinks into her dark abyss,
 While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of prie 'craft' broke,
 And Man disdains its galling yoke;
 Base Superstition, Bigotry,
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause,

THE POLITICAL

The Merchant occupies his pew in solving cent per cent, sirs
 His private piety perhaps keen views might circumvent, sirs
 He now and then may join the clerk in zeal to lay amen, sirs
 Concluding ev'ry pious pray'r with dot and carry ten, sirs
mew mew mew, &c.

We need not wonder much at this since the c—y are
 such knaves, sirs,
 Who keep mankind in ignorance to make them willing
 slaves, sirs;
 And what to some religious minds is certainly distressing,
 Tho' words are just as cheap as wind they'll not bestow a
 blessing!
mew mew mew, &c.

Thus all their Flock with one accord both gentle & simple,
 On sundays meet together to pollute the holy TEMPLE;
 And should ye look for sanctity among those pious people,
 The church (without exception) is as empty as the steeple.
mew mew mew, &c.

GLEE.

Air. Why, Soldier, why.

WHY, Britons, why,
 Should ye submit to tyranny?

Why, Britons, why,
 'Tis better far to die!

When Nature cries!
 And famine stares ye in the face,

'Tis time to rise,
 Or else despise

THE RIGHTS of MAN and furnish Pitt
 With more supplies!

'Tis

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

147

HARMONIST.

41

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spirit or infernal by chance enter here,

139

HARMONIST.

25

LINES.

In appeal to the REASONING part of Mankind.

DID the CREATOR of this fertile ball,
When he first pois'd it in immeasur'd space,
Ordain his noblest work should basely fall,
And to a tyrant's pow'r alone give place?

Was it the wish of Majesty supreme,
That governs all with wise directing hand,
A monster should usurp his sacred name,
And crush whole millions with unjust command?

Did that Great Pow'r from whom all wisdom springs,
Reveal his secret to a set of priests,
Trust mankind's happiness with these and Kings,
Level their understandings with the beasts?

Tyrants will plunder men, and spill their blood,
In wars, pretending to a right divine;
Priests—with a bigotry scarce understood,
As royal engines sanction the design.

Base superstition with her slavish bands,
Who keep mankind in ignorance and fear,
Shall soon be banish'd from fair FREEDOM's land,
And REASON only hold her empire there!

Then shall FRATERNITY's blest age commence,
The reign of Tyranny will then be o'er;
Man's equal Rights fair justice will dispense,
And hateful warfare men shall learn no more!

SONG.

16

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of priestcraft's broke,
And Man disdains its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause,

24

THE POLITICAL

There's the bold SERGEANT KITE he'll avow,
If you enter you'll have present pay;
Commissions he'll give you all now,
To be shot at for nine-pence a-day,

Your cloathing, your living, and all—
Let it give you no trouble I pray,
There's good feeding on powder and ball,
If you're shot at for nine-pence a-day.

He'll promise you bounties 'tis true,
Aye, more than he's able to pay;
But money's no object to you,
If you're shot at for nine-pence a-day.

Ye Youths so courageous and bold,
Don't throw this advantage away;
For ye never need fear growing old,
If you're shot at for nine-pence a-day.

Tho' to take from your BROTHER his life!
You must go if commanded away;
And if you desert from this strife,
They'll SHOOT you for running away!

And now to conclude this fine song,
Your feelings I hope are in play;
To think if it's right—it's not wrong,
To be shot at for nine-pence a-day.

LINES.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

16

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of priestcraft's broke,
And Man disdains its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause.

26

THE POLITICAL
SONG.

STATE TRICKS DEVELOPED.

AIR. *Moderation and Alteration.*

ATTEND true sons of freedom to a new-fashion'd song,
To an old-fashion'd tune sung by the vagrant throng,
Shewing ye the difference betwixt right and wrong,
And the wonderful blessings which to Britons do belong,
From their administration, from the
wisdom of their blest administration!

I shall pass by a race of bloody, base and foolish K—s,
Seeing the very best are but expensive things;
Who cherish ev'ry vice that to blood and rapine clings,
And who would be but drones if you took away their stings,
With which they rule their nations, &c. with which
they rule their deluded nations.

Then first I shall begin with that Jesuit Edmund Burke,
A dagger-drawing senator, in politics—a Turk;
Who to stigmatize mankind, wrote a rhapsodical work,
Calling the people swine, perhaps from a hatred to pork!
Degradation, &c. is not this infamous degradation?

But he was quickly answer'd by the democratic PAINÉ,
Proving that Whiggs and Tories act from principles of gain;
And many other truths which his RIGHTS of MAN explain,
That tyrants have descended from the wicked race of Cain!
Emancipation! &c. teaching the world emancipation.

This book was read by high and low, its arguments so clear
That pensioners the nation robb'd of millions in the year;
Which fill'd the courtly sycophants with such bodily fear;
And our most gracious Majesty, who in council did appear!
And issued a proclamation! a royal proclamation! is-
sued a most wonderful proclamation?

Charging

147

HARMONIST.

41

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

140

HARMONIST.

27

Charging all his loving and dutiful subjects to beware
Of doctrines so pernicious tho' they did men's rights declare;
As they lov'd war and taxes, and could much blood and
treasure spare,
Tho' to support his royal dignity they at last should feed
on air.—Moderation! moderation! was not this
wonderful moderation!

But certain men not having the royal fear before their eyes,
Began to read, to preach, to speak of rights without disguise
Till the habeas corpus act suspended, took them by surprise
And lodg'd them in the tower to be tried on the evi-
dence of Spies.—Litigation, litigation, what a
base system of litigation.

Then a mighty scheme was plann'd, the famous pop gun plot
When 'twas said a poison'd arrow in the play-house would
be shot

At our most gracious King to send him quick to pot,
Tho' the plan was fabricated for what-what-what-what
what!—To alarm the nation! alarm the nation!
Ministers did this to alarm the nation!

With many curious pranks in which financiers abound,
Our knavish premier took great pains to spread this farce
around;
And four poor victims were bastilled those fallacies to
ground:—

A grand jury took the bait and the Treason Bills were found.
Discrimination, &c. oh, what wonderful discrimination.
To prove Reformists traitors they held a State Commission!
Where Judges, Informers, Lawyers and Spies, made up
an Inquisition—
With Pitt himself, whose memory was in such a weak
condition,

That twelve honest friends to TRUTH pronounc'd a ver-
dict of remission.—And sav'd the nation! sav'd
the nation, wonderfully sav'd an insulted nation.
With

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinced TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 These joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
 Then sinks into her dark abyss,
 While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,
 And Man dethins its galling yoke;
 Base Superstition, Bigotry,
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,
 And Man dethins its galling yoke;

THE POLITICAL

With many such disasters in their crusade against France,
 In which the gallant *sans culottes* have led them such a
 dance,
 The Bishops make us fast and pray, tho' the poor have no
 other chance;
 And by these cursed *schemes* we see a *famine* fast advance!
 To starve the nation, starve the nation, Ministers
 both plunder and starve the nation!

Then let us all with one accord unite without delay;
 Let's hoist the flag of Liberty, and cherish Freedom's ray,
 Should war and famine still keep up the Order of the Day,
 John Bull will very soon shake off curst ministerial sway;
 And free the nation, free the nation, join in a *mess*
 to free the nation!

GLEE.

TO LIBERTY.

AIR. Flow thou regal purple stream

LET blest LIBERTY be my theme,
 Nurtur'd by her holy flame;
 Let Mankind no more be slaves,
 Clear this land from hireling knaves:
 Let fair FREEDOM fire each soul,
 Spread her Laws from pole to pole;
 Let's oppose each Tyrant's plan,
 And set up the RIGHTS of MAN.

De Capo.

SONG

HARMONIST

SONG.

Addressed to the Hon. SIMON BUTLER, and OLIVER
 BOND, on their imprisonment in Dublin, for publishing
 an Address to the People concerning the MILITIA and
 GUNPOWDER ACTS.

SLOW AIR. Bow wow wow.

COME listen sons of Freedom and I'll tell ye a story,
 'Tis nothing more than what's daily acted before ye;
 I'll serve in it to shew in ev'ry rank and station,
 The blessings IRISHMEN enjoy thro'out their happy nation.
 O! what a glorious--what a happy--what a boasted
 Constitution!

It's not very long since a dread prison I pass'd, sirs,
 Where innocence and guilt indiscriminate were cast, sirs,
 From its cells and its appertures I heard what I retain, sirs,
 Two brave sons of Hibernia most piteously complain, sirs.
 Is this our glorious, &c. &c. &c.

I paus'd a-while to hear what rent my very heart, sirs,
 The slave trade oft has made my humanity to start, sirs;
 An American instructed, and to such things a stranger,
 Philanthropy here pleaded exclusive of my danger.
 From your glorious, &c. &c. &c.

A wretched artisan whose face wore poverty's sad traces,
 As he approached near to me in slow and languid paces,
 Gave me in plaintive voice to know the People's dear
 PHYSICIAN,

For his advice was there immur'd by a Secret Inquisition!
 O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.

Now our laws are such--they shield us from all harms,
 But what sort of laws are these that deprive ye of your arms?
 The rogues may take your property the ravishers your wives
 They've got a *sanction* (if they please) to take away
 your lives!
 O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.

D

A massy